

Deep Breaths

Two shots, pop pop.
Blood bubbling on an asphalt parking lot,
Blotting out the chalked remains of a hopscotch grid
Where kids swapped slurs and curses for the refrains they were taught.

The rain (or hose, whichever's closest) drags both alike down the drain,
No stains to complain about as the pain sinks deeper down.

Deeper than some drugged up punk with a cheap heater repeating the pleas of her
priest.
Deeper than police procedure and clean legal teams.
Deeper than moderated meetings and polite soundbites beseeching peace.

It's in the ground now,
Above us,
Around us,
In us.
Found in sanctioned rallies and demonstrations,
Found in pressed suits and polite explanations,
Found in Harvard's educated interpretations,
Found in dated claims placing blame on the shape of the brain
and appeals to well-meaning divine authority made before.

All hoarded with the bodies and gore in the space under the floorboards,
Roaring and crying and begging for confessions to the dead and dying.

Hiding under the need to not be like before.

Hiding under the primal screams for peace and reasoned arguments for war.

Hiding under the claims of safety and life unearned.

Hiding under the tears shed for brick and mortar burned.